

The NATIVE VOICE

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—Courtesy Vancouver Sun

PRETTY INDIAN PRINCESS is Winnie McKinnon, who reigned over Fort St. James' 150th anniversary celebration last July, an event which turned out to be an outstanding success. Princess Winnie is a member of the Carrier Tribe and is here attended by Bernadette Isaac, left, and Rita McKinnon, her sister, both nine.

Chief Negwa Tells of Skeena Ceremony

By CHIEF NEGUNA
(Ken Harris)

Traditional ceremonies of the Skeena tribe have been a tribute to God's beautiful creation in the past. Recently at the latest honor (tributed to Chief Yeggedates Mr. Elizah Turner) there were several added features that were very touching.

Never before in the long history of Dahmlakamat did the nation see Her Majesty The Queen's cameras on hand to photograph (photo-

★ *Maisie Hurley Honored by Tribes*
★ *Constance Cox Reports Occasion*

—Stories Page 3

grapher during Her Majesty's tour of Canada) their ritual ceremonies in their magnificence. The people of Dahmlakamat are grateful to know that Her Majesty The Queen

in her great wisdom wishes to preserve what is part of the great Canadian History.

What is no less significant is when a member of our white popu-

lation, Maisie Hurley, came to consolidate a name bestowed on her several years ago. A legendary name of Shim-clux (Spouse of the Sun) who was allegedly the first mother of the nation of Dahmlakamat. Shim-clux allegedly by the power of God gave birth to three children. By this token the nation of Dahmlakamat claims divine origin.

Touched by Maisie Hurley's sincerity in her effort to consolidate

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By CHA-LA-NUNG

He Lived With

The Shadows of His People

(continued)
(All Rights Reserved)

HIS people went hungry. The word of the treaty said he could not go from the reservation to hunt. He must take from the buffalo on the treaty land. The white man laughed, we cried. The white government gave money to men to kill the buffalo. This was a lie we spoke, they said to us. They would take away the white man who killed our food. But always was the face of the hunters the same. They were taken away with the night, then brought back with the sun. To starve us, was the mind of the white man. We would be for him to feed. For ourselves we could do nothing. His word would be ours if there would be food to eat.

This Red Cloud said to the white man of the cities. But his bad laugh he brought us to hear. There was no white man to listen. We were people who did not say the truth, the word savage was before us. Frankato went to stand with Red Cloud in the cities. He spoke the word of the book he carried. He said the heart of us but for him the laugh was the same. The book of the white man was only good when the white man carried it. This Frankato came to see and he cried. He took the name of Thurman from his son and called him Chalanung. He took the name of Ruth from his daughter and called her Smiling Girl.

For seasons that were more than the fingers upon the hands of my brother and me it was the same for our people. Slow was the breaking of the treaty, slow was the emptiness that was coming to take our bellies. More came the white man into our country. The government of the treaty did not take them away. They went into our earth and tore it open. But for it, we could not make war. The sign of Red Cloud was on the treaty. We not go against it. It would be for the white soldiers to break the

treaty with death. Soon it would come for us.

Then a message came to our village with the word of a soldier with Yellow Hair. I would take him then but my brother held me back with his words. Yellow Hair was a white soldier. The treaty of Red Cloud said we would not make war. For this, I could not kill him. I was made to sit and think of the squaw of my heart.

More was the sorrow with us then. It came to the tipi of our father. The heart of us was taken. Pretty Straight Legs had become a woman and with it her thoughts were no longer of a child. The word of the white man and his books of learning had been given to her. She came to look upon her people with eyes of shame, she tried to take the color from her skin. I went to say to her all the good ways of our fathers but she did not hear. I said the murder of our people by the white man but she came to me as a shield for him.

Then it was we knew we were dying. The blood of our life was leaving our bodies. Only now was it for the white man to say when our breath was to me taken. Pretty Straight Legs left us. There were tears for us she gave but none for our people. She went to do work for a white man and his woman who carried the book of God. Then we mourned and brought scars upon our bodies. The white man could hurt us no more.

With the last of that summer the white men of the government came to us with more treaties. They wanted our Hills of the Spirits. There would be money for us if they could have the land. We said no to it. And for that they said there would be war. If we would not sell it, they would take it.

But they did not understand what it was for us to have the Hills of the Spirits. It was not ground to give for the money the white man would pay. The heart must be in the ground. I do not know how much in money the white man said he would give. It was not of the heart. The white man did not come with a gentle word and kindness. He did not say "Let us have the land." Then, we would have gone from it in peace. We would have given it to him from our hearts. The ground was the Great One. It was His to bring to us. We could not take money for His gift and say to the white man, "It is now yours." It was to be given, not sold. This the white man did not understand when we refused to take his

money. And for that, there would be war.

Soldiers of peace came to take us to the reservations. My brother and I would not go with our people. We said no to it. Sitting Bull said he would not leave his peace village. The winter was with it. The cold of the snow was around us. We should leave now the white man said and travel in this bad cold with our women and children. We should not care for the dead that would fall from their ponies. The word of the white man had been said. We should listen. We did not hear as he did not hear us.

For many of our people there was an ear. They heard the white man and went to sit on the reservation with Red Cloud and Spotted Tail. Gentle Cloud and Laughing Dog went to be with Red Cloud. Their son and the son of David and Bright Eyes they took with them. There was no word then to keep our people together. The blood of us had not kept Pretty Straight Legs from the way of the white man. The blood of us did not keep our people as one.

Then a warm heart was given us. A Shoshone scout came to say that white soldiers were coming upon our village. They would take it with the dawn and bring fire to the tipis and kill all there was of us. This Shoshone was good. He cried for his people and said what

was there for us. Some must live we must not all die.

Many of our tipis were dropped and the squaws and their children with the old of the village were put into the hills. The braves and the bucks stayed in the tipis that had been left to stand.

The surprise the white man would give us we gave him. We did not sleep as they came into our village. We were before him with our guns. But many of the white soldiers were good. They did not like the say of the man who would send us from our village with the snow. Their guns they did not use. They said we should not die. But the man of them was bad in his hate. He took fire to our tipis and burned them. He said we should die, the cold should freeze us. We laughed for this and took the horses of his soldiers. They would walk and know the cold they would have given us.

(Continued Next Issue.)

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Skeena Tribes Honor Voice's Maisie Hurley

Constance Cox Describes Sacred Indian Ceremony

By CONSTANCE COX

Herewith is a description of the ceremony performed at Kitseguekla on September 15, 1956, when the House of Chief Haklgout gave Maisie a Chief's name, Men-glug-um-kee-pikee, meaning "The Eagle that could not fly from the ground."

Maisie Hurley was given the power and honor over 14 villages. Representatives of these villages attended the ceremony. She now has two Indian names and the great ceremony was very wonderful, lasting well into the night. It was a very sacred ceremony and we did not object to remaining until midnight.

We were all very tired but we did not mind, due to the fact we had been allowed the privilege of seeing the sacred traditions and historical history of the Indians, the First People of Canada.

Maisie Hurley feels very grateful to the old Chief Haklgout known to the whites as Chief Arthur McDames, and his whole family. His niece, Mrs. Harris, worked so hard to make a success. Mrs. Hurley asks me to say her thanks from her heart to you all and also to all the villages who took part in the affair.

It would take several pages to really do justice to this affair as there were upward of 200 people present, and each Chief had something to say. Each in turn called out Maisie Hurley's new name, so again she says "thank you" to you all for the great privilege of joining with you all in your wonderful and sacred ceremonies.

These traditions and colorful historical ceremonies, she hopes, will not be forgotten by the coming generations. As the children become educated it would be your duty to teach them all this, the laws of your forefathers were good. So let the children take it along with them down through the years. It will help them to be better men and women, better able to serve our Canada and our Canada. So let us all unite together with friendship and a better understanding, making our Canada a better place in which to live.

I feel a few lines would now be in order to describe the village of Kitseguekla (Skeena Crossing). It is now a small village, quite different from the original village. In the early '60's, it was a large and powerful village. They were the people who fled from the village of Dahmlakamat, which was one time the only village on the Skeena River. It was five miles long. According to their legends a great snow storm came in June

causing the run of fresh salmon to disappear which caused a great famine in which many families died. Those who were left migrated to Kitseguekla and the House of Chief Haklgout is called Dahmlakamat. It is from that House that Maisie Hurley was given the name (ancient title, higher than Chief) Men-glug-um-kee-pikee which is over 1,000 years old.

Mrs. Hurley understands the sacred ceremony concerning the giving of a name and I know she will hold it sacred as long as she lives and will always for ever be a friend and defender to the people of Dahmlakamat.

Hereditary Chief's Title Conferred on Publisher

On September 15, 1956, a feast was given at Skeena Crossing to consolidate the Chieftainship of Maisie Hurley, Editor and Publisher of The Native Voice. Maisie was given the name of Chief Shim-clux some years ago, and she stated at the time that she wished to take it in the Indian way, which has now been done.

Many people were invited, six Chiefs of high rank came to make speeches and call her name and tribute was paid to Maisie for her long friendship and work with these beloved people.

Chief Arthur McDames wrote and invited the Indian Superintendent and the Commissioner and the R.C.M.P. and also asked for special permission to give a feast stating as follows:

"I am Chief Haklgout and Chief Arthur McDames here. I would ask your special permission to give a feast to all the guests that are invited to the celebration

given in honor of Maisie Hurley, whom we are taking into our family. She will become part of our family in our HOUSE (House of Dahmlakamat) and we are also going to honor Constance Cox for her long standing help to us.

"I am giving power and honor from 14 villages on the Skeena to Maisie Hurley because of her great help and friendship to us for years, and we extend to you a very warm welcome to attend this great gathering of the people of the Skeena River and we invite the Commissioner and the police for Saturday the 15th day of Sept., 1956, 2 o'clock at Skeena Crossing.

"We are also going to erect a tombstone over my brother, the late Chief Yakadates (Chief Alfred McDames) born Sept. 30, 1867; died Sept. 2, 1951. "There Is No Night There."

Maisie Hurley's Chieftainship was confirmed at this feast and gathering, attended by many Chiefs and people along the Skeena, and Chief Henry and Mrs. McKay of the Nass. Maisie Hurley was also given a high man's title seldom given to a white person, the title of Chief Men-glug-um-kee-pikee, one of the highest titles in the Head House of Dahmlakamat.

"There is so little one can say of appreciation for this trust and faith of a kindly Godly people," Maisie states. "Only that I promise I will to the best of my ability humbly strive to be worthy of their trust. I want nothing from them, just to be allowed to serve them faithfully with God's help — and to fight for their hunting grounds, their traditions. For as the Chiefs told me, 'never forget, Maisie, God is Chief, and God made Chiefs to help guide the people.'

"Chief Negwa told me that a country is lost for ever which has lost its traditions — look at Greece — look at Rome and now the countries of Europe. He also said we have two councils in the villages, one the Ottawa Council. Among these councillors are many of our hereditary Chiefs. The other is the hereditary spiritual Chiefs or Council. We refuse to give up our traditions. Ottawa is trying to destroy our hereditary Chiefs. One day they will start a big stampede which they will not be able to stop and then they will call on the hereditary Chiefs to help them stop it but there will be NO HEREDITARY Chiefs.

"Each Tribe is a Nation in itself, of Royalty and Commoners and make their own strict laws. That applies to the early ancient laws of all Tribes in British Columbia."

Total population of the Skeena Tribes is between 3,000 and 3,500 persons.

Constance Cox... Beloved Friend of Native Folk

The writer of the accompanying account of the great ceremony which took place at Kitseguekla (Skeena Crossing) September 15 to honor Native Voice Publisher Maisie Hurley is Mrs. Constance Cox, writer and artist, beloved and honored Lady of the North.

By birth, Constance is of the blood of the House of Dahmlakamat and still owns her grandmother's land on part of the site of the great domain of Dahmlakamat, which, according to some archeologists, is as old as Egypt.

A brilliant young Native student who has studied the histories of ancient races and who is a member of the Skeena Tribes in line to be heir to Chief Arthur McDames, said he is convinced his tribe, the House of Dahmlakamat is descended from Atlantis of the ancient Lost Continent. The Atlantians were Sun worshippers and all the ancient stories of Dahmlakamat refer to their race as originating from the marriage of Sim-klaux, the mother, to the Sun.

He explained that above the Sun, God, the Father and Creator ruled supreme. Through it all prevails a similarity to the Christian religion, showing that the history of God's creation, and love was equally distributed in the beginning to all His people and through the years related in different ways and altered by time and conditions by various races.

Going back to Constance who is so much a part of the North, for six years she travelled with the famous Marius Barbeau of Ottawa as interpreter, supplying him from her own great knowledge with stories of her people. It's doubtful if there is another woman on the North American continent whose life has been more colorful. She has a great love for her people and has given her life to them.

Constance Cox has always been one of the great leaders in their tribe whose blood courses through her veins, apart from the blood of her famous father who dedicated her life to them at a Potlach he gave for them 70 years ago.

It would indeed be a shame if this great lady who is now advanced in years, should depart before her colorful life history and knowledge of old historical British Columbia is written.

Her beauty, dignity, and wonderful mind, her loyalty and love are among the greatest treasures of my life. MAISIE.

Success Wished To 'Native Voice'

Dear Friends:

Please find enclosed money order for \$3 renewal as from April, 1956. Many thanks for your valuable paper. I have not missed a single issue during my lengthy illness.

Wishing The Native Voice more success. JOSEPH ELLIOTT

In Loving Memory Of Our Brothers

† Vice-President Caleb Williams of Bella Bella, B.C. who passed away by drowning at Prince Rupert on September 17, 1956.

† Vice-President Daniel Assu of Cape Mudge, B.C., who passed away by drowning at Vancouver on Nov. 27, 1955.

† Vice-President Johnson Buss of the Nass, who died in Miller Bay Hospital at Prince Rupert in July, 1956.

"Onward Christian Soldiers, marching as to war, with the Cross of Jesus going on before."

Chief Negwa

(Continued from Page 1)

legendary name in the proper additional manner, Chief Negwa (Mr. Ken B. Harris) on behalf of Chief Haklgout (Mr. Arthur McDames) bestowed on Maisie Hurley hereditary title, Chief Men-glug-um-kee-pikee.

Mrs. Cox of White Rock who in her youth had learned and mastered the native tongue was also on hand to assist in the ceremonies. At this time, Chief Negwa christened her with Shim-am-a-em. The elder was allegedly the daughter Shim-clux.

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An Open Letter To Big White Owl

September 26th, 1956.

Dear Big White Owl:

IF YOU were here with me now, I would not be able to speak. I can only cry, for what you said regarding your Father's religion. I have not known such happiness, as you have given me this evening, for a long while. What you said, I have so long felt and said over and over. But, like you I have often wondered if I was understood. It seems, that people cannot grasp, beyond a certain point, what is in our hearts.

Only a few days ago I was named a "crusader" by one of my own people when I said the Indian should return to the religion of his Father if he would know true happiness. To me, this is the only hope our people have.

I remember my uncle once saying that if God had intended man to bow when he prayed, He would have given him the body of a dog, and that if He had intended him to crawl, He would have given him the body of a snake. To this very day, I cannot bow to God. As our people looked up to Him, I look up to Him. He is above me, a Great Spirit in every corner of this universe. I cannot be away from Him.

The religion of our people, as a whole once knew, was the most beautiful thing upon the face of this earth. The loss of it should mean more to our people than the loss of this land and even their lives. The white man did not have to strike hard at our people to make them forget the love of their Fathers for the Great One and to instill in its place the fear of the Devil and Hell. Perhaps, the white man was too fitting an example of what he preached against.

Our people must have been children in their praise of God. They loved Him. They did not fear Him. Then, the white man came and educated them. "Fear God. He is a jealous God. He is a God who will reap His Vengeance upon you." . . . Yes, they must have been "children."

But, despite all this there are still those among my people who see God as their Fathers did. Some have strayed. Some have tried to combine the white man's religion with that of their Fathers, but it does not work.

My Grandmother recently said to me: "Being an Indian is like walking on the edge of a knife blade. It is hard to stand upright for the course is narrow, the blade straight. But it is good. At the end your people wait for you. We cannot go to the left, we cannot go to the right. Straight — that is what is ahead for us. That is how our path must be."

This old woman knows the faith of our Fathers. Long ago she gave it to me. We have our Grandfathers of the rain and the wind. We have

our Grandmothers of the moon, the sun and the stars. We respect them, we believe in them. The women of my people wear the symbol of the moon, the stars and the sun upon their faces, chests and hands. The young would use these symbols as adornment and forget the true meaning because the white man with his faith has told them it is pagan.

I have said over and over again that our people might have been savages, in that they were not educated in reading and writing the letters of the white man, but that they were never pagans. We did not then, we do not now pray to dead people.

Our religion gives us something the white man will never know nor understand . . . but, that he would yet try to take from us this very day, with lies and treachery.

The drunken Indian is the Indian who has accepted the white man's religion and ways and completely turned from his Fathers' beliefs. I do not care how many protests there are to this. I have seen it. You can go on Clark Street in Chicago today, where most of the drunken Indians are to be found, and you will find most of them laughing at their Fathers' beliefs and ways when they are sober. They will point to the white man's Bible and say that is their faith. They will call their own Fathers superstitious fools. They will condemn everything of their Fathers because the white man has told them that it is bad.

But it is these very people who will grovel in the filth of the white man until they return to their Fathers' beliefs and ways. Only then will they be able to raise their heads and see God with the eyes of their Fathers.

The white man tries to tell our people they were placed upon this earth to suffer and that if they ask they will receive. Well, our people did not believe in that. I do not believe in that. There is too much beauty upon the face of this earth that God would have us suffer.

If the white man means that we are placed upon this earth, as he would dictate terms, then we suffer and as he destroys the earth and life upon it, then we will suffer. But, it will not be the fault of God. It will be the fault of the white man himself. Our people do not ask God for anything. We thank God for all He has given to us.

We do not believe as the white man that if you recite a prayer

(Continued on Page 5)

DELAWARE INDIAN

THANKSGIVING PRAYER

By BIG WHITE OWL, Eastern Associate Editor

O, Thou Great and Good Spirit, Thou Supreme and Infinite One, in whom the earth and all things in it, may be seen. A Great and Mighty "Kitche Manitou" art Thou, clothed with the day, yea, with the brightest day, a day of many summers and winters, yea a day of everlasting continuance.

We give thanks to Thee on this day, October 8, 1956, for all "Nature" and its wonderful and mysterious ways of life development.

We give thanks for being able to hear, and to understand the sweet music emanating from the trees, swaying and singing in the gentle breeze.

We give thanks for the winds, the fleecy clouds, the rain and snow.

We give thanks for being able to appreciate the beauty of the rippling streams, leisurely flowing along winding trails and shady nooks.

We give thanks for having learned how to stand in silent salute as "Wild-Geese" pass overhead in wondrous formation and majestic flight.

We give thanks for the awe inspiring, deep blue waters of the great lakes and the seas, and all the life therein.

We give thanks to "Our Creator" for abundantly supplying us with corn, beans, tobacco, pumpkins, squashes, potatoes, tomatoes, nuts and berries, for the beavers and fishes in our rivers, for the deer and elk in our forests.

We give thanks for our good health. We are, indeed, very happy to see the leaves of the trees, red, gold, brown and purple; falling, gliding, drifting, sailing down to earth again. We give thanks for having lived another year, for having enjoyed the seasons of winter, spring, summer and autumn.

We give thanks to "the great shining sun," to the pale moon, to the numberless stars, to "Our Mother, the Earth" whom we claim as our mother because "the good earth" carries all the people of the world and everything they need.

We give thanks because when we look around, we cannot help but realize that "Kitche Manitou" (Great Spirit) provides all of the important necessities of life for us. For all of these and countless other blessings, we thank Thee from our hearts . . . O, Thou Great and Good Spirit, Creator of All Things . . . Hear Us!

WE HAVE SPOKEN!



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Historical Site Saved

QUICK ACTION by Reeve Gus Harris of Scarborough and a wise decision by the Ontario government have saved a unique historical site from destruction.

When a subdivider's bulldozer unearthed a mass of human bones on Tabor Hill, at Lawrence Ave. and Bellamy Rd., the township prudently requested that work on the housing development be halted until the mystery of the bones' presence there could be solved. Walter Kenyon, assistant curator of ethnology at the Royal Ontario Museum, was consulted to find out whether or not the find had any historical significance. After a quick but thorough investigation he reported that the deposit was an ancient Iroquois communal burying ground and "the most significant ethnological discovery in Canada's history."

Mr. Kenyon promptly recommended that the ground be set aside as a historical site. This recommendation was taken to the department of planning and development. The department took a sympathetic attitude and so Scarborough is to have its historical shrine.

Not even Mr. Kenyon knows the exact age of the burial grounds, but it is known there was an Indian settlement at Frenchman's Bay in the early 1600's and that after the arrival of the missionaries in 1669 communal burying ceased. This suggests the bones may have lain where they are for more than 300 years.

Scarboro hasn't decided what form the historic site will take. Perhaps a replica of an early Indian village will be erected on the spot, with an Indian museum on the burial grounds. The important thing is that, thanks to the imagination and feeling for history of a group of public officials, action was taken in time to preserve a valuable link with Ontario's past.

—Toronto Daily Star.

Open Letter to Big White Owl

(Continued from Page 4)

ten or so times and fast, God will grant you your prayer. When we pray, we thank God for all He has given to us or pray for someone who is less fortunate.

But, as for ourselves — we do not pray for ourselves. BUT, BIG WHITE OWL, I SUPPOSE I AM A PAGAN FOR THESE THOUGHTS AND FOR THE BELIEF I HAVE IN MY FATHERS' RELIGION.

Our people in their praise of the Great One tried to live a clean life. For every wrong they did, they knew they were hurting the Great One. And you do not want to hurt the one you love. That is why the sins of our Fathers were so few. The Great One gave us clean thoughts and clean hearts. Among our people there was no such thing as an original sin to place blame upon or a psychiatrist's couch to excuse every wrong thing committed by adult and juvenile alike. A sin was a sin. There was no expressed excuse or pardon that would send a person off to repeat it again and again.

In the white man's world even rape and murder is followed with excuses and butts to excuse or temper it.

As for our children being taught all the legends and beliefs of their fathers, nothing could or would be finer. It is something that will keep forever alive and united as a race.

We cannot become part of the white race. We can live with them, but not become a part of them. Because of this we must maintain our own culture, our own beliefs or religion. But, we must not let the white man teach us the things of our Fathers. For then it would be twisted and contorted along the way. What the white man does not understand, we cannot teach. And there is no white man who can ever fully understand the religion of our people. It is for our own to teach the young about our Grandmothers and Grandfathers, about our tobacco and peace pipes, about our peyote, about our medicine lodges and our kivas. Then there will be no ifs and buts. The words will be straight, the path straight. Then there will be a better people to raise their heads.

Every race has its own faith — our people must keep theirs.

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Hopi Meeting in October

Hopi Indian Nation,
Hotevilla, Arizona,
September 18, 1956.

After due consideration the Traditional and religious leaders of Hotevilla Village have set the date for a meeting of all Indian Brothers of this Land — the Friday and Saturday of October 19 and 20, 1956; the meeting will be held here in Hotevilla.

Hopi Traditional and Religious men have called this meeting in accordance with their ancient prophetic instructions from the Great Spirit. At last, the time has now come for the Hopi to make this call in behalf of all their Indian Brothers, a call to meet and re-examine our various religious instructions and start the re-birth of the True Indian Life on this land.

You are urged to pass the word around to all people of Indian Blood, to their religious and traditional men who might want to come to this Great Gathering of the first All-Indian Convention on the Hopiland.

Sincerely, Brothers,
DAN KATCHONGVA.

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Continued from Last Month

By the Late NEWELL E. COLLIER

Tecumseh and the War of 1812

General Green Clay, in command of the fort, had learned caution, and although the Indians conducted their ruse so well that the British at one time were almost convinced that reinforcements actually had arrived, the Americans could not be induced to leave the enclosure.

The Indians, discouraged by the failure of their plans, were growing restless and were deserting in large numbers, much as they did on the first expedition. After remaining a little while at Old Fort Miami, Proctor determined to attack Harrison's magazine on the Upper Sandusky. The Indians moved in that direction by land, while the British coasted along the shore in their boats, arriving at the mouth of the Sandusky River on August 1st. Harrison's magazine was located not far from where the town of Fremont now stands, then known as Fort Stephenson. His headquarters, where perhaps eight hundred militia were encamped, was about ten miles farther up the river at Seneca. Clay promptly notified Harrison of the expected attack, and the news that their supplies were endangered and that Tecumseh with two thousand Indians were marching by land to outflank Fort Stephenson, nearly caused a panic in the American ranks. The fort was garrisoned by only one hundred and forty-three men and their armament consisted of one iron 6-pound cannon. Major George Croghan was in command. Croghan was a Kentuckian, but twenty-two years of age. His father had been an officer in the continental army and his mother was a sister of George Rogers Clark. He had graduated from William and Mary College in 1810 and entered the army immediately, taking part in the Battle of Tippecanoe. He was made captain of the 11th Infantry a year later and served under Harrison in 1812 and 1813. He so distinguished himself in the first attack upon Fort Meigs that he was appointed aide-de-camp with the rank of Major, and

assigned to Fort Stephenson.

Harrison called a council of war on July 29th and sent an order to Croghan directing him to burn the fort and retreat up the river. He made no attempt to go to Croghan's assistance, but remained at Seneca, well in the rear, awaiting the expected flank attack of Tecumseh and his Indians, which never did materialize. Harrison's messenger lost his way in the night and by the time Croghan received the order to retreat, the fort was surrounded by Indians. Consequently Croghan ignored the orders of his superior, sending the following message in reply: "We have determined to maintain this place, and by Heaven we will." Whereupon Colonel Wells was sent to relieve Croghan for his supposed insubordination. However, the young major appeared personally at Harrison's headquarters, explained the situation and argued the point with such earnestness that he was allowed to resume his command the following day. It was too late then to retreat, had he been disposed to do so. Proctor demanded the immediate surrender of the fort and Second Lieutenant Shipp was sent to represent the commander. When the British suggested the possibility of an Indian massacre, Shipp replied: "When the fort shall be taken, there will be none to massacre." Croghan, standing on the ramparts, shouted: "Shipp, come in and we will blow them to hell."

Following this incident the British commenced a bombardment with their three 6-pounders which they had dragged forward during the night. But these were too light to make any impression on the fort. Early in the conflict Croghan shifted his single 6-pounder from one blockhouse to another in order to give his enemies the impression that he had several guns. Later with a view to conserving ammunition, he ordered Captain Hunter to place the gun so as to rake the ditch on the north side of the fort near the middle, as he felt

that this was the most vulnerable point in the fortification and that if an assault were to be made, it would be directed there. The gun was well hidden and loaded with an enormous charge of grape shot and slugs. Bags of sand and flour had been piled against the pickets for additional protection.

But Proctor was making no progress toward reducing the fort. Again he found to his chagrin that the military tactics practiced in civilized warfare could not always be applied to frontier campaigns. Perhaps he was as much in fear of Harrison as Harrison was of him. He was undecided whether to advance the ten miles and engage Harrison's eight hundred men, (who had encamped in the open country to forestall a surprise attack), to proceed to Cleveland or Erie, or to return to Fort Malden. Day by day the Indians were becoming increasingly discontented. In his dilemma he again depended upon the 41st Regiment. On August 2nd he attempted to take Fort Stephenson by storm, using the 41st Regiment and the militia. The plan was to advance in three columns of one hundred and twenty men each, simultaneously, from different directions. The Indians were to attack on the fourth side. Two of the columns, in close formation, under the command of Lieutenant Short and Lieutenant Gordon, advanced directly toward the fort, while two hundred grenadiers under Lieutenant Colonel Warburton took a circuitous route through the woods to attack the southern front. The Indians were driven back by fire from the fort, but the British displaying great bravery, came on and for two hours fought desperately to effect an entrance. Lieutenant Short's detachment, under cover of smoke, advanced almost to the fort enclosure before being discovered.

Captain Dixon, who had distinguished himself at the bombardment of Detroit, was the foremost in the charge, leading his men into the ditch surrounding the fort. They hacked at the palings, and the timbers were stout and the axes were dull, so that nothing was accomplished in this manner. A shot from the 6-pounder killed one of the assaulting party with the exception of Dixon himself, who was in the act of leaping the ditch the charge passing beneath his feet.

(To be Continued)

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The Great Feast of The Dead

By BIG WHITE OWL

In reference to "The Great Feast of the Dead" ceremony which I understand is to be re-nacted on October 20, 1956, by the Six Nations Indians at Tabor's Hill in Scarboro Township within the limits of metropolitan Toronto. For the information of the general public I should like to quote a noted authority on the subject:

"In some instances, elaborate ceremonies were held in connection with the dead. Among the Six Nations, the body of the departed was placed in a flexed position in a bark coffin erected upon a scaffolding in the woods near the (Indian) village, along with many offerings of foods and ornaments.

"Every 12 years, at the great feast of the dead, all the bodies of members of the tribe who had died during the intervening period were removed from their original burial scaffolds by the relatives.

"The bodies were cleaned and cared for with demonstrations of affection. They were wrapped and covered with the finest robes and then conveyed to the village where

they were displayed for a short time, together with a new array of valuable offerings. From here the bones were carried by the relatives to a huge common burial pit in which on a designated day all of the bones of the tribal dead were deposited with great ceremony. Brebeuf, a Jesuit missionary, observed this ceremony and gives a detailed description of it:

"In the midst of a clearing was a great pit, about 10 feet deep and 5 brasses wide. All around it was a scaffold, a sort of staging very well made, 9 to 10 brasses in width, and from 9 to 10 feet high; above this staging there were a number of poles laid across, and well arranged, with cross-poles to

which these packages of souls were hung and bound. The whole bodies of those who had died more recently were placed on the bottom of the pit stretched upon bark or mats.

"After assembling the offerings, which consisted of enormous piles of rich robes and ornaments, the ceremony continued . . . At sundown they lowered the whole bodies into the pit. We had the greatest difficulty in getting near; nothing has ever better pictured for me the confusion there is among the damned. On all sides you could have seen them letting down half-decayed bodies; and on all sides was heard a horrible din of confused voices of persons, who spoke and did not listen; 10 or 12 were in the pit and were arranging the bodies all around it, one after another.

"They put in the middle of the pit three large kettles, which could only be of use for souls; one had a large hole through it, another had no handle, and the third was of scarcely more value. Later in the night the remaining bundles of bones, were thrown into the pit indiscriminately.

"After the fires had been lighted and many voices lifted in lugubrious songs, baskets of corn were scattered over the remains and the entire deposit covered with furs. When the burial had been completed, extravagant gifts were made to all visitors not directly concerned in the ceremony itself.



BIG WHITE OWL

(Jasper Hill)

Eastern Associate Editor

Whereupon the entire affair concluded with a (great) feast."

I believe every citizen within the limits of greater Toronto should take an active interest in this coming event. It is a historical link with the past of which most Canadians know far too little!

The men who had the foresight to step in and save this Iroquois Indian burial site for posterity are the kind of citizens of which we should feel proud to have as leaders in our community.

Let us all give them every support in their effort to make Tabor's Hill into a historical shrine which, I am sure, will eventually be known the world over.

I Have Spoken!

CALEB WILLIAMS PASSES

Native Brotherhood Loses Another Great Fighter

The Grim Reaper has once again taken his toll from the winning ranks of the Christian Soldiers of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, in the death by drowning of our beloved and respected brother, Caleb Williams of Bella Bella.

It was a terrible, stunning, blow to lose this kindly gentleman, who was always ready to give a helping hand to anyone in trouble.

Caleb Williams, a respected commercial fisherman, was a great power in uniting the Northern peoples of British Columbia. With our late President Alfred Adams, he helped to organize the Brotherhood, giving his time and service without hope of personal gain or reward.

This makes the third great loss in less than a year. Vice-President Assu of Campbell River and

Vice-President Johnson Russ of the Naas — and now Vice-President Caleb Williams of Bella Bella — all great leaders of the Brotherhood to whom we owe so much for their hard work and faith. They were from the cream of the organization.

Let us not flag, but let our grief unite us more closely with a determination to fight on for the protection and rights of the Native Canadians — for that is what they would wish us to do.

They who served because of their deep unselfish humanitarian love for their people, men of principle, men of courage — would wish us to carry on — not fail them. The words seem to dry on my lips, I can say no more.

Good-bye, dear ones, whom we love and revere — until we meet again.

President Robert Clifton and the Executive of the Native Brotherhood, Edward Nahanee, business agent, Maisie Hurley, publisher of the Native Voice and the staff, extend to his dear wife and family our deepest sympathy. All we can say is we share your deep grief and your great loss.

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INCORPORATED 29 MAY 1870

Are Indians Forced To Sin To Eat?

By Fred Briggs Winnerly Stever
(Iroquois)

This is the question—must these starved pauperized citizens sin to eat?

White citizens, taxpayers and voters, is your Great White Father, with the aid of your duly elected representatives in your United States Congress, being advised by your Indian Bureau, Forcing the First Real Americans in this rich land, which still in great part belongs to them (although their claims are not yet established by your Courts of law)—Into Sin in Order to Eat?

Open your ears, O, my White Brethern, that you may hear well! Open your eyes big that you may see well! These words are bad words! These people who speak are my Mother's Mother's people! Hear these words, O, my White Brethern! Hear them well! They are true words!

At Pine Ridge, South Dakota, one evening in March 1956, there was a meeting, Indians from 55 to 75 miles around were gathering. Two Bulls called these descendants of the Great Sioux Nation to order; here were people from Sitting Bull families; here were people from the Crazy Horse families; from Red Cloud and American Horse families.

Ben Chief, son of American Horse, was there. This man had made 11 trips to Washington to see your Great White Father.

Ben Chief was talking about a bill before Congress in 1955. This Bill had promised much. The

Indian families were to receive \$3500 for each of 125 families from whom land had been taken by your Great White Father for a gunnery range. There was also to be a big Rehabilitation Program for the entire Reservation. (These Had All Been Fine Words! Big Brave Words!)

Listen! Listen well, O, my White Brethern, and open big your ears!

"A long time ago 125 families of our people were compelled to move. They were promised Rehabilitation! Nothing is done!" said Ben Chief. "War is long over. Give us back our land!"

(Many of these people have no permanent homes; no real homes. Ten percent of their lands have been leased now to white men.) The men talked on.

As the men talked, a little woman of the Council moved a bit to one side that the men could not hear her words. Several women attending the Council meeting had gathered about her.

Said this little woman of the Sioux, "It's about all these babies being born out of wedlock. The mothers of these little ones do not want to sin. They do not want to be sinful to eat. Some families can live only by having more babies."

"They squat on a Grandmother's allotted piece of land. The unwed girls have children as fast as possible to gain ADC (Assistance to Dependent Children). This added to their Grandmother's pension for old age, surplus commodities doled out by the Council, and a

GRACIOUS MODE OF EXPRESSION

Daily newspaper columnist Mamie Moloney wrote in a recent column on the way Natives express themselves through The Native Voice. She said:

"The Indians have a way of saying things. For years I've been reader of The Native Voice, official organ of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, and often have been impressed with the way Indian writers express themselves in English. Here, for instance, is the way Jimalee Burton, a contributor from Oklahoma, signs off a letter to editor Maisie Hurley: 'May the winds blow softly on all who share your heart and wigwam.' How could it be said more graciously?"

little money the men bring in for the work they can scrape up, is all they have to live on.

"Or the mother will get a divorce when she has a husband—and many of them good Catholics, too—to get this Aid to Dependent Children, so she can feed them. The father stays on. The babies keep coming. And there are places where no child has been inoculated. There are many little babes who have never had shoes on their little feet!"

With indignation flashing from tear-filled eyes she hurried back to her Council seat.

Many, many of your little Red Brothers have Big Belly-Aches! They suffer from starvation, cold, disease and Neglect! Their mothers and grandmothers write me terrible, heart-breaking stories. No food! No! No clothes! No! No medicine! No! No doctors! No! No! But Death! Yes! Yes! (They enjoy a Life Expectancy in Some Tribes of 17 Years! White Man's life expectancy has gone up to 70 Years!)

With ships in harbors, rivers and bays loaded and crammed with food; with warehouses bulging with good grain; with many metal and wooden bins over the land stuffed

with food — Billions of Dollars Worth — these, your oppressors and sick Red Brothers — children of the Saviors of your Ancestors! Full Citizens, Sicken And Die For Lack! (The storage and care of these foods cost you Taxpayers and White Brothers more than Million Dollars a Day! I have seen many of these ships and storage places.)

(Put honest and able Managers acceptable to the Indians, on the Reservations. Build the Reservations into fine communities for their owners— The Indians, as built any White Man's city or county for white man. Let Indians be Indians, for that is their right. Let the Managers appointed to the Reservations report always to the Master Board of Managers in Washington, D.C. Dissolve the Indian Bureau which has enjoyed 100 years of expensive Failure!)

Wipe your eyes good, O, my White Brethern, that you may see well! You have much to do! The sins are terrible! Their sins are your sins! The sins of these starved Indian Mothers are Bad! Are they not? Their sins are your sins! Why? You Ask?

Is-isa Wa-ta-now Co-tun To-wa-ta Shta-ta has spoken!

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